

THE YOUNG MAN'S WOOING

OR, A brief Description of the Properties of Widows and Lasses.

To a Pleasant new Tune.

I Once espy'd an handsome Wench,
as I went through the Meadow;
I call'd her Maid; but she deny'd:
No, Sir, I am a Widow.

I marvel much of that, said I,
suppose ye think I need not;
What Beauty in our Lasses lies,
when there's so much in a Widow.

Amaz'd, I stood, and wisht to be,
with her in secret Chamber,
For to discourse two Hours or three,
and cure my self of Languor.

Widow, said I, remember this,
since he hath hence removed;
Ye need not moan, nor ly alone,
for others may be loved;

Grief when its *moon*, will grow again,
Example by the Meadow:
Revive again, though ye be low,
for ye're a gallant Widow.

Tho' Young-men fancy Lasses much
yet to dispair they need not;
Ye may abide the second Match,
for ye're a gallant Widow.

Dear Sir, I will remember still
your kindly Invitation;
I thank you, Sir, for your good will
and offering Consolation;

I'll no more moan, nor ly alone;
because you say, I need not.
I'll strive anone to fancy one,
and I shall be his Widow.

When my Husband liv'd, I did not bask;
for Wives ye know they need not:
Sith he is gone, I'm now alone,
remain a gallant Widow.

Tho' Widow hood be low esteem'd,
compar'd to broken Glasses;
Yet Widows may prove as good Match,
as many of our Lasses.

Come hither then to me, Young-man,
and I's learn you a Lesson,
If to me you will constant be,
and not come for the Fashion:

Come hither then to me, Young-man,
and I's learn you a Lesson;
And I's teach you how you should do,
to know your Occupation.

Our Lasses they want Household stuff,
and they are unprovided;
But Widows they have Gold and Gear,
and want a Man to guide it.

Maids of this World take little Care;
because they think they need not:
They cannot labour late and air,
as doth the gallant Widow.

The Widow stands in her Bour Door,
come hither Young-man, come hither;
For Widows have both Gold and Gear,
and Lasses have but Silver.

You Lasses have me not at Feed;
for I am sure you need not:
For when that your first Husband's dead,
you likewise prove a Widow.

When Winter with his stormy Blasts
withdraws Mens Hearts from Pleasure,
Then I'll tell you an handsome Jest,
if I had but the Leasure:

Widows and Lasses prattle much,
and for this cause they use it.
But let them prattle what they will,
our Lasses best deserve it.

Widows want their Virginity,
I count them but Natural Lasses;
That yet for all their Conject-see,
cannot compare to Lasses.

Widows are subtille Creatures sure,
and have deceived many;
They know what Bait can be set here,
but Lasses they are bonny.

Our Lasses keeps their Vertue sure,
what need you then to smother?
Widows are chang'd like broken ware,
from one Hand to another.

Widows are simple Creatures sure,
and ay for Char'ty pleading:
Our Lasses they're like Venus Dames,
whom Cupid keeps afeeding.

We'll drink no more Canary Sack,
we'll break no more Bear Glasses;
But Burges Wives than we will quite,
and court the bonny Lasses.

My Gartens were of good green Hay,
when I came through the Meadow;
But they are of the Gold so gay,
since I match'd with a Widow.

F I N I S.